Number

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BETTY TURNOY

◆

LUIS MONGUIO

◆

LUANNE EDQUIST

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A SECTION OF POETRY BY MILLS COLLEGE STUDENTS

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NUMBER 2

THE RELATIVES

1. "ONE, IF BY LAND . . ."

Same country, other invalids
taken by love or lying long
within the confounds of the brain,
tick off the tall invader
and animals too small for victim.

The destroyer opens like a diary
the double doors of our distrust

even ourselves we fear
our shadows armed and near
the clocks committed to strike
surrender by fours

the moon and its made phases.

2. THE RELATIVES

After we leave them on the stair
they are always climbing somewhere
with their personal effects,
think we've abandoned them to their own havoc.
Though our avocation tells us we've a right
to be absent

BETTY TURNOY

THE RELATIVES

what wonder when they come creeping toward us
as if to ask pardon (they have uses for our patience)
those incredible, near-sighted linguists;
our own delusion.

Followers of a course by contagion
they spread their nets upon our beaches like devotions—
pray for keeps and fish for us.
And thus they bruise us with their mornings
and shine their refuse on a far-off hill:
the other world of wound and language,
Too shining solid for the disarmed traveller.
Were we sure of our real. O anything close to center,
certain wisdom, the deepest feeling body is subject to,
inclined toward God in heaven
(who knows how
the weak and strong together)
what small, O so meticulous
starfish would swim into harbor

Like reaching for an infinitely unreachable,
never to be touched by mortal object:
the unused and unusual senses.

BETTY TURNOY

NUMBER 4

THE RELATIVES

3. CHILD OF THE ATOM

There is a child the heavy color of paper
whose head is a place for roses, a pulpit of bones,
eyes turning black with the shadows of planes,
bitter without pose or a brother's precedent.
What have we done to the man within his head
that he would value the sky for its jewelry?
through a sizeable grief focus a faith
that neither moves nor does tricks unless supported.

To behave as by experiment
is beyond recall, by definition extinct,
a reversal of opportunity,
presents its own calamity, an attitude of elevation.

And who will seek above water a brittle stone
to enter, a shore to settle by touch
when reasons lie about us, have the look of bones,
the embodied odor, and death in deed
to change the invented motion, to travel by eyes only.
Around us the forest and stand of cattle
whose horns like driven posts
preserve our private and animal walk,
snow in the mouth like ore, and further containment.

There is a dark within here like a shadow cut by people,
disfigurement by headstones.

BETTY TURNOY

4.

Fear though it feels bigger than
a fellow alone or homely
in its eminence lives out of contact.

All that is near of mortal
dearer than dollar, we are
the shapes our shadows take,
the luggage of a sensible illusion
that familiar servant and stowaway
species of friend.

Tactless, we move not less in paralysis
than pairs of Alices in looking glasses
unlooking, pass.

Outside the square that moves, moves out of fear
hedges lean as the backs of old people.
The pigeons edgewise halt at heel
feed single file among the greens
and leave in tangles the skylight down.

Silence enclosed by utterance
comes without preparing the acceptable face
the flourish and family stance;
all that we know of living
loves at first look—
touch is its teacher.

THE RELATIVES

5

The heart's a strong box
for keeping what the brain can't safely carry:
records the world's impress
by blow, bible or caress;
registers resilience
by submission to in-laws
resistance to out-laws and foreign matter.

A polite policeman, the heart
watches dogs and dozes
with canine indiscretion —
is found in rings and better circles
sometimes a stone's throw
away from reproach.

The only things the heart really can't stand,
will cry, beat and shudder at
(leaves no defence for)
poaching or sitting on a fence.

EVELYN BELVIN

6.

What is it stands and withstands
oh, as the sea verge upon verge
is voyager, or as the gull gaunt air
set sail its feathered balcony
ledge over ledge in legend.

Some nights the mind is a waver
a tearer of hair, and hatless
without heed, stands on its head
and clamors, O, is a thunder
a sundering surge, a Circe
search without surcease.

NUMBER 8

POEMS

1.
Revolving, the spark-eyed doll is slow
To fix each season with her blue blankness,
Thunders and balms receive her sweetness,
Friends shrivel at her glass
And enemies shine.
Reason is deflected by her plastic flush
And becomes her twin.
The pivot whirrs but
There is no finger
To turn the key.

2.
The dulled eye, soured,
derides and is bitter.
it denies, contends and refuses
but falls victim to unexpected disease.
Another loves it
it stares, suspects and desires.

EVELYN BELVIN

NUMBER 9

POEM

When to the night of sleep
You bring your single love
And the breaking hours keep
Tides of curious life—
Wind and water wave
Dancing, and the moon deep,
And the sail itself—I wonder
What's it not to wife
Weather in this under
Apart from that above,
Not to hold up the art
Of the infinite bride and groom
To this reality?
Cloak torn from the heart
And love alone in the room
And all the beautiful forms
On the sea of the sea,
Put on the grace of sin
Before the gasped alarms
And come awake within
My only overnight arms.

TED WRIGHT

NUMBER 10

CELEBRATING BEING BORN

Love is a glare that no night is,
Winter down a sky of black,
That like brevity may break
And yet my love be not the less
For the crouching of the eyes
Heavy with blizzards of muscular goodbyes.
Then there was no face to rest at,
Only slopes and floes of lies
Which the dark love bored its breast at.

Light is a wall like no woman,
Brought to ford a steep track
And not even for light go back
To wake the deep, diagonal human.
I have met, like many lies,
Light like a building falling on my eyes,
And cracked about the camp on feet
To question where the spirals rise,
With whom to join, as blind as heat.

War is a glass that, as if no cry
Had ever had sight to check
How his delicate love grows thick,
Bears only the result, and I
Look at Christmas down the skies
And burn the igloo where I lodged these lies.

These pains grew in a gray glove,
But I put on my woolen eyes
To reinforce my figure like love.

TED WRIGHT

LIKE AND LOVE: AN EXPLANATION

What gives you you back?
That that that you like.
In bouquets or Chrysler you like,
you like you.
you get back no more than that
from that what.

In friend a part does move as you,
you get that,
and him too,
you get that what
through him, is him,
get more than that what
of you,

In woman get her more, less you.
in her no part like you must move.
She is, not you,
and sees that what is not you ever,
not the same.
So then, you see.

KENNETH PETTITT

NUMBER 12

A SENSIBLE BURIAL

Consider the strange circular dances
Where the dead move with an authority of knives
In this unsheathed and pardoned self;
And whether we have found their angles of sun,
By ceremony or by stone find
The end and the presentation.

And so should we move —
Crossways,
Like insects —
Into secluded, unturning country:
Neither tower nor stone
To stop the vanished voice,
Nor mind to roll its thousand feet of horses
Against these empty doors,
Nor hand on the stair divide these ropes.

Calculate our action: the webbed
Body but a duplicate, a carbon design to fault;
The Great Accountant, the fly-away part
Of motion, lifts between walls
His wet and altered flight.

Help us, friends! The country of evil
Rolls under the torn boards of our hands,
The abandoned houses
Are strung on our shoulders
Like barley sacks.
Those flowers bloomed too late,
Those petals we meant to find
Under the scattered trees.

You, the strong living saints,
Legislate your ceremony and expense,
And hear the breaking and noiseless
Tears fall with a clearness of chalk.
Let the opened mouths rust in their closets
And the small throats of mourners lie
Lost in a hammered sleep.

DON WOBBER

TRANSLATION OF LIGHT

Through the yellow tunnel I have gone,
and have come out into the uncovered night
where people walk like mixed animals:
each total face forward like a hand
while each is revealed by the small clown cut of
his clothes to be a thief or widow or messenger,
And within each passing
I am deflected again from my horizon.

And the idea is: there is no one here,
a solid population, voices thrown
to the hard flow of silence.

And the idea is to disappear.

I have come and waited,
waited for loss, resistance, translation,
and the arrival of space vast as foreheads.

Here
it does not color the silence
if another waits within vision,
cooling the night with
the queer shine of his human eyes.

WALTRINA FURLONG

MILLS COLLEGE SECTION

Luanne Edquist . . .

TIME AND THE BELL

1

Time was thrust forward on schedule, that year.
And we woke in darkness, hearing rumors—
Tides tall as a man came orderly
From the Pacific, but at the early hour,
In darkness, we saw nothing, felt only
The wave's edge running under our feet.

If time had not turned at the word,
We would have seen earlier waves
Stiffening outwards from a hole
Cut through miles of blue water.

As it was, we were told of the tides,
The usual warnings, the fog and
A tower of smoke standing softly
On water. And we wondered
Why the noise of one gull,
The brushing of feather-tips
On the empty air, was sweet
In its singleness.

And later, when the sun came
On its own schedule, no hand was there
To record its lateness.

2

Mortality will tick within my wrists
For not so long a time as I should wish.
The realization has taken twenty years
And now annoys me briefly, like
The earth's unpreventable shaking.

MILLS COLLEGE SECTION

To live not looking,
To look not seeing,
To spend a measured time
In learning how to echo
Far off men, but make
The echo sound as new
As did the first shout
In the first bright air—
All this has wrinkled time,
And little else remains.

And the golden city swung
Far beyond the planets' flame
Provides no oracle, though
I could wish it. And feeling
Without thinking provides
No steady frame.

To think and feel the briefness
Strikes at the mind like some sharp picture
Of a lover's going. Yet one can learn
that, too: Mapping departure,
And holding yet the fullness
Of the too-quick presence.

APOLOGY FOR YOUTH

1

And noon was curved on the hill,
Turning its poppies and choices
And I saw the time and the curve
Like other long-leaving hills.

Knowing this, I turned lids up
To a sky whose customs were
Familiar as duty or the bones of a well-loved face.
And the blue held no waters, no waiting.

2

And the bushes near the house are grey-green and familiar
And the stars your father named and taught you to wish on
Are pasted and white on a wind-moved sky.
The trees that are not so near as the bushes
Have leaves which are black and torn from a single sheet.

Your people and love like a fire on a summer night
Are asleep in the house. The dog on the porch
    is deaf and cannot answer.
And you are awake and must think of two men.

There is one whose feigned pages followed that which is true;
Who came at last, by compass, to the mandrake's answer:
O sweare, no where, that one is a thing but two.

And one is the sailor, the man with eyes like distances.
You cannot make me lonelier than I have always been.

3

There are no trees in that country
No leaf-breaking branch
In a shuttle of shadows and voices,
But one old and loved as the ceiling of childhood
Who speaks the truth, and murders, and does not know it.

And I seek the timetable
Of works lost behind dusty stacks,
And the rails and the shine of the station.

Moments held like flowers in the moistened fist of a child,
And with such an ending. Cottonwoods whirled,
And laughters away by the moving hay rick.
By the new-building house we made our customs;
By the rolling lights we left, nor marked a return.

We spoke of gulls, and of hills where no streets came.
And the gulls slanted to each wave,
And fog fastened unentered houses.

When I left, we spoke in the habits
Which others know well, as dog or January.

You may settle our laws to the edges of faces like coins.
But I have the customs of hillside
To shake against patterns and duties.
The arrangement of these is my future.

4

Words wave like habits,
Relatives seen from a train,
And are as easily stilled,
By shutting or shouting.

And a plan of living turns in the mind like a fish.
How to show that which is never seen?
Or, at most, noted like cricket or curse.

The self searching self finds only
The word as charm or as chaos
To hold against habit. Another
Self enters, and both
Shatter or fall like habitual fountains.

And the skin of self contracts;
A scar or sponge.

5

Between drops, sounding of silence,
And bending of grasses to ground,
Rains in the blade crease hanging.
Separate shaking above of leaves,
And on the upward lashes, rain.

MILLS COLLEGE SECTION

Cathryn Hansen . . .

CHILD

What a wind-bell a child,
A fast package—
What scooter stars in your eyes!
Do the domed butterflies still walk
Between rows—
The buried pin is in my heart;
Child, once there was the smallest flower,
Rapid purple
Under lisping leaves you worried,
(The floating white sky-apple
boated the sky, alone)
Now the stars hurl their stings at an occupied territory.

Myra Riedemann . . .

MONEYMAKER

He is a mallet man
In his hammer face
He is chairman to the metal,
Of a diamond dimension.
The saints sit with turning, smile
A Verdict.
He laughs with a marble mouth that calls for water.

MILLS COLLEGE SECTION

AND THE COMING OF AFRICA

She is the split sitting of a cracked headlight.
Hers is the single Sal, in the back of the Brutus bus.
Let the others sit, song perfect
In a faraway county.
(Those of the great white shoulder).

But she is Africa
Her Pompeii of palms is not in the beaches.
She does not think of fighting oh-my-love lions.
She was born in white walls,
They let her eyes shriek tears, but taught their ways.

With a winter philosophy, she understands
Their shooting suns of Caesar.
Their faces stir with importance
Unlike flamingo feathers.

Robin Hunt . . .

THE DREAM

The leaves are loose with wind,
Soft like the talk of a water bird.
Someone stops to ask the time of day.

We smile,
We hide the embarrassment of grief as we hide a relative's death.

Like the cruel drift of unwanted weather came pain;
The crops are washed to my feet by the rain,
I forget the look of your face.

The hours are lost to us like last night's dream.
Who is the man in the silk coat?
The cat in the kennel,
Long dead,
And one eye gone,
Bringing a broken paw?

The shift of solid colors,
Passing cards.
The dreaming ends or begins scattered like coins on the snow.

MILLS COLLEGE SECTION

Margaret Gerber . . .

POEM

"If along the high road I caught hold of your sleeve"
And all the dirt turned grey with ashes.
While the lutes and sycamore were wind bent,
And ground sands—
Finer than blown glass
Sifted around my fingers.

Genevieve Prust . . .

THE LOST ONES

They went away to the mountains
This is their village as they left it,
the nail heads showing through the white boards.

It's what they call wide country.
The sky doesn't meet the land,
And the road curves to a point
with nowhere to go.

Why did they leave, you say?

I don't know, I only came through here yesterday
and couldn't go on.

They must surely have gone to the mountains
They left no bones here.

MILLS COLLEGE SECTION

MILLS COLLEGE SECTION

THE SNAKE

It was from the dark beyond the cooking coals
he brought the snake,
a body of dull diamond.

He put the head in the ground
and dropped the gut on the rock.
And one took the rattles,
and another the skin.
And one took the muscle,

the meat in pieces,
Opening and closing on the spine.

Olivann Rumph . . .

AFTER "LEGEND OF LOVERS"

1

Beyond the curiosity of the committed
sin, what is the compulsion
of this night of window-ledges and
the water-seen moon
to undergo again the act neither willed
nor necessary?

In the lonely mind caught between
the sea and the golden thread
where are the sleeps not cried for:
Blinds shutter light into the wild room:
The ibex and the lilac are twice come
on the double wall.

2

Longing came faster than your voice
Hollowing the darkness.
Skin shrank
hard to the decadent bone.
Oh, remember
tongue and touch.
Oh, the self was taught
As blood learns veins in inescapable
knowing.
But how is one lonelier
than to knock
Against the why and schedule of his wishes?

3

Isolation to the rock which made a man's shadow
By the full moon—and the trees had shapes more real
Than peoples'

Isolation the answer, to be alone, when you
only admit your loneliness and do not learn
questions and answers.

The careful dessication of love, now meaning
The sacrifice of a being

And gripped thus with worse loathing
I would come to you and undertake this love.

DIRECT SENSORY REPORTING

Comments and examples

If a teacher works with talented people over a period of years, often I think he may come to believe he was mistaken in his initial ideas as to the nature of talent, and may conclude also that tests, given to identify talent, must identify something else.

With beginning poets, at first it is usually the dexterous verbalizer who seems talented: an individual sometimes capable of abstract thinking, but likely to be limited by his deviant approach to the phenomena of experience—that of the abstracter and mentalizer. Education in English would seem to develop and encourage such abstracting and mentalizing, since the student learns to use language chiefly for abstract thought or for commonplace purposes, and hardly at all for making exact emotional meanings.

Yet if language is made, as it can be made, truly serviceable for communicating experience and emotion, I believe an unexpected eloquence may be found by very many people. For even the average person, if he could put on paper the emotional events of his own life, and put them on paper accurately, might effect the sort of transfer which the capable poet achieves. Perhaps, even the average person might be said to have a sort of genius—genius at least for experiencing—lacking only the talent for making, for the events of his life, a verbal correlative.

When I first began teaching poetry about twenty years ago, I was interested in the ideas sometimes found then in educational magazines, about the supposed considerable but unused mental capacity of "average" people. Some writers seemed to feel there was nascent talent in all minds, and that occasionally, by fortunate accident or fortunate influence, a so-called average person might come to do the work of a talented writer.

While it was difficult to be convinced of this theory it seemed pertinent to try working by it—working, that is, as if from the belief that each person in my class was talented—it being incumbent on me to find a way to bring out and focus this talent. And it

seemed that most of the people in this first class (and in succeeding ones) had one basic approach in common: they did not have much capacity for abstract thinking, or for understanding ideas theoretically presented. But they did have a considerable objectivity and concreteness in their approach to experience.

They could learn by example. That they could also learn to communicate their emotion by examples, by concrete expressions, by images: seemed probable. And I began to work with them for these objectives.

This is not the occasion for developing or substantiating the theories which began in this experimental teaching, nor for explaining the methods by which even so-called average people, as I believe, may be brought to something of the mastery of language in this usage. Certainly the differences in ability remain. Some learn more swiftly than others. Some even in a lifetime could never do truly significant poetry. But in time most could do work publishable in good contemporary magazines—that is, their poetry would come to compare with what is often regarded as talented work.

The methods worked out in these first classes are still being used. Methods, essentially, by which the student learned to make exact correspondence between each element of the experience and the respective phrase. The following pages contain some examples done by a beginning class at Mills College (a group admittedly selected for unusual ability, but still beginners) of the first work in making such correspondences.

In this discipline (Direct Sensory Reporting) the students are not permitted to depend on labelling adjectives, comparisons, or more sophisticated artifices. Therefore they are left for use only the accuracy of the phrase to the experience—making it transparent, as a window is transparent, to emotions and sensory impressions. And since this is an unfamiliar use of language, they are asked at first to deal only with the most simple experiences: their sensory impressions of the objective world, with the moods produced by such impressions. I think they have been able to speak with simplicity, directness, and as it seems to me, with a great deal of charm.

—Lawrence Hart

MILLS COLLEGE SECTION

Marcia Belsher

Wind tosses bits of color above the trees.
Leaves, stems lost,
whirl point over pocket.
The sunlight
falling from branch to branch
puts a different shadow pattern on each leaf.

Betsy Brooke

The mound of gravel is lined and marked
By the trees above,
Trees in the corners
Cast long shadows, contrary to their form.

Sallie Dunn

The Dragonfly

He looks unreal,
a child could reconstruct him in cellophane and
splinters.
His wings repeat the rainbow, and through their
thickness
I can see the sun.

This pool has different levels:
Bugs and little plants on separate floors
Lying in the slow-motion water . . .
The fish have gone to the shadows
But when I slap the water with my hand
They jump and are gone.

At the time when the body of the sun has gone
And purple hangs in the air, with black behind it,
And cold contracts your skin
And the horizon has a soft feel . . .
And you notice that the stone which you are
sitting on
Has kept the warmth of the sun, and you have not,
And the double voice of children mocks,
And the bell across the lawn responds like tin:
Then it is dangerous to remain . . .

MILLS COLLEGE SECTION

Donald Deborah

White mountains
Stand against the edge of sky,
The five o'clock sun spreads down.
Black rocks in the shadows,
Steel-grey in the sun.
Frozen boughs of fir trees
Shake and crack in the wind
Covering roofs
And the small animals.

Luanne Edquist

All day thought of dust in a veil of the wind,
The bark-hanging, leaf-casting lean of the trees;
Green being alive in the cloud-erased morning
By town's first headlight breathed brown . . .

. . . leaves
Out from the branches lengthening
With a small shine where stem and leaf are joined.

. . . acacia
Bending branch ends, round yellow.
And following, shadow to shadow,
Quail.

MILLS COLLEGE SECTION

MILLS COLLEGE SECTION

Kathleen Ellis

Moth

Four legs thin to almost have no shadow;
From the head, two fern leaves
Done in animal brown.

Robin Hunt

A bird upon whose back the motionless wind
begins to rise
Sounds more softly.
The beach is a warm winter.
The child's search for shells to cover the sand:
She finds the opening where the earth becomes
the sea.
She puts her hand into the crab's empty body,
Surprised to find it dry.

Leaves sound soft when they fall.
In one
A place to slip the finger's first knuckle,
Still another for the bent wrist's heel.

She walks with a sandpaper sound.
She is her own form plus a collection of those
around her.
Measure her between oxford
And metal hair-top,
Clothe her in animal colors . . .

Susan Long

Suddenly, on a hill bare of grass or green or color,
One-sided trees . . .

Unseen air moves the top-heavy trees
And the ground seems in motion with the limited
frenzy
Of the shadows.

MILLS COLLEGE SECTION

MILLS COLLEGE SECTION

Jean Porges

The tree stands against the sea and sky
Color swaying in the wind;
One leaf, pointed in five directions,
Crisp and sharp in my palm.

Genevieve Prust

We went down in the swamp to play
Where the grasses hung over our heads
And on the muck, the black snake was bent loosely,
By the dull water,
And beyond, hung tops of trees as gray as the sky.

Myra Riedemann

An exact bluebird pinned circular
And a squirrel
With hair that has the color
Of the continuation of his flesh

Olivann Rumph

When a squirrel moves
Not all of him is working:
His middle hinges,
Front feet, back feet to the
Leaves on earth:
The one color of animal and fall.

Camilla Spalding

Each hair
Pulled on its unsunned part.
There she was, a woman in the wind,
The buttonhole pulled on the button.

A mouse is small all over.
His eye is looking at me on one side.
He bends his back to eat from his paws.
His ears are hear-shaped.

Julie Swope

Darkness with light in your eyes is darker
Than the darkness around.
The day-trees make shadows
With a hundred leaves.

MILLS COLLEGE SECTION

TRANSLATION IS TREASON
(Traduttore Traditore)

by Luis Monguio

Poema II de Triloe, 1922

(César Vallejo
Santiago de Chuco, Peru, 1892 — Paris, Francia, 1938)

Tiempo Tiempo

Mediodiá estancado de relentes.
Bomba aburrida del cuartel achica
tiempo tiempo tiempo tiempo

Era Era

Gallos cancionan escarbando en vano.
Boca del claro dia que conjuga
era era era era.

Mañana Mañana.

El reposo caliente aun de ser.
Piensa el presente guardarme para
mañana mañana mañana mañana.

Nombre Nombre.

¿Qué se llama cuanto heriza nos?
Se llama Lomismo que padece
nombre nombre nombre nombre.

Translation in this case is treason to the substance and architecture of the poem:

NUMBER 30

TRANSLATION IS TREASON

Poem II from Triloe, 1922

Time Time

High noon stanched in lingering odors
Bored Barracks' pump bailing
time time time time

Was was

Cocks crow in vain, scratching.
The day's clear clarion conjugates
was was was was

Tomorrow tomorrow

Warm rest. To be.
The present intends to keep me for
Tomorrow tomorrow tomorrow tomorrow

Name Name

What's the name of that which sets us on edge?
It's called The Same that suffers
a name a name a name a name

In the present poem, in Spanish, the two short lines of the first stanza set off the three long lines of the stanza's core which express the feeling of boredom, of time being stopped in a hot smelly noon hour, and which suggest (using a most effective alliteration) the rhythmical creaking of a pump in a courtyard, pumping away, eating away time, bailing away time, a time which each action of the pump transforms in past time: was was. In Spanish again this last word has two meanings: *era,* imperfect indicatvie of *ser,* to be, and *era,* a noun, meaning thrashing floor. These two meanings brought to Vallejo's pen the next line of the poem: Cocks crow in vain, scratching (the thrashing floor); and then the time element and the rooster image brought up his next metaphor—the rooster clarion of the day—vitally, poetically, and even traditionally, logical. The roosters on the thrashing floor *(era)* conjugate—like the pump—time in a past tense *(era),* was. The third stanza then continues the same double metaphoric movement adding to the equa-

LUIS MONGUIO

tion present equals past the parallel equation present equals future. This stanza also sprang from the two meanings which the Spanish word *mañana* has: morning and tomorrow. This morning is equal to the tomorrow for which time is preserving me a tomorrow with an identification, a name. What name? The name with which the fourth stanza loops the loop of the poem at the same two—time and feeling—metaphorical levels. If tomorrow equals today, as today equals yesterday, all is just time, time in which to suffer, time in which "The Same that suffers name" (Man) suffers from the allsameness of all living, past, present, and future.

In Spanish the poem shows a movement which does not proceed from any book of rhetoric, from any set of precepts. Its movement derives from the rhythm of the emotional operations which suggested the poem to the poet and which the poet re-creates for us in his poem. Vallejo did not use any traditional metrics—he suppressed all the "pretty" elements of traditional poetry: musicality, meter, rime, and so on—he used an emotional rhythm which for lack of a better name, and borrowing it from grammar and metaphysics, might be called modal.

Finally the poem shows the system of verbal and emotional associations on the basis of which the poet proceeded. It is not based on syllogisms, on sequencial formal logics; it is based on the one hand on linguistic logic, on word association, and on the other hand on image and metaphor free association, on emotional logic, if this expression is permissible. Instead of explanations the poet flashes to the sensitive reader telescoped signs, mentions; they require the reader's cooperation in feeling what the poet felt and attempted to communicate to him through the emotional load of the poem.

It is impossible in translating this poem to telescope metaphors, to flash images, which are based on words-symbols that in one language carry multiple meanings which their literal translation to another language does not hold. The *translation* of such a poem must perforce result in failure. Only an English language poet might attempt to recreate its emotional impact by *writing* it in English.

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CONTRIBUTORS NOTES

Betty Turnoy: (Mrs. Irving Jacobson) featured in this issue, has been published in *Poetry* and other magazines.

Evelyn Belvin: Lives in Mill Valley. This is her first publication.

Kenneth Pettitt and ***Ted Wright:*** Both graduate students at the University of California. Pettitt has been published in *Poetry* and *Quarterly Review of Literature,* and other magazines. This is Wright's first publication.

Don Wobber: Editor of *Number.*

Waltrina Furlong: Has been published in several West Coast magazines.

Luis Monguio: Associate Professor of Romance languages at Mills College: has a Guggenheim in the study of Peruvian poetry: is co-author of a book, *Lector Hispanoamericano:* was in the Spanish Diplomatic and Consular Service, 1930-1939. Taught at the University of California 1940-1942.

The student contributors to the Mills College Section of *Number* come from widely separated localities. Most are sophomores, among them Luanne Edquist from Colorado Springs, Colorado: Cathryn Hansen, from Davis, California: Myra Riedemann, from Alkali Lake Ranch near Williams Lake, B. C.: Robin Hunt, from Houston, Texas: Margaret Gerber, from Klamath Falls, Oregon: Olivann Rumph, from Long Beach, California: Deborah Donald from Honolulu: Genny Prust, from Pasadena, and Jean Porges, from San Marino, seniors this year. Betsy Brook from Napa, is a junior. Marcia Belsher is a freshman.